



# WEALTH.

O R,

## The Woody.

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*Illi robur & as triplex*

*Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci*

*Commisit pelago ratem*

*Primus,-----*

H O R,

Daring and unco' stout he was,  
 With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Brass,  
 Wha ventur'd first upon the Sea  
 With Hempen Branks, and Horse of Tree.

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**T**HALIA, ever welcome to this Isle,

Descend, and glad the Nation with a Smile;

See frae yon Bank where South-Sea ebbs and flows,

How Sand-blind Chance Woodies and Wealth bestows, :

Aided

Aided by thee I'll sail the wond'rous Deep,  
 And throw the crouded Alleys cautious creep.  
 Ventorious Task to plough the swelling Wave,  
 Or in Stockjobbing, press my Guts to save;  
 But naething can our wilder Passions tame,  
 Wha rax for Riches or immortal Fame.

Long had the Grumblers us'd this murm'ring Sound,  
*Poor Britain in her Publick Debt is drown'd!*

At fifty Millions late we started a',  
 And wow we wonder'd how the Debt wad fa',  
 But sonfy Sauls wha first contriv'd the Way,  
 With Project deep our Charges to defray;  
 O'er and aboon it Heaps of Treasure brings,  
 That Fouk be guesf become as rich as Kings.

Lang Heads they were that first laid down the Plan,  
 Into the which the Round anes headlang ran,  
 Till overstockt they quat the Sea, and fain wa'd be  
                     at Land.

Thus when braid Flakes of Snaw have clad the Green,  
 Aften I have young sportive Gilpies seen,  
 The waxing Ba' with meikle Pleasure Row,  
Till past their Pith, it did unwieldy grow.

'Tis strange to think what Changes may appear  
 Within the narrow Circle of a Year;  
 How can ae Project, if it be well laid,  
 Supply the simple Want of trifling Trade!  
 Saxty lang Years a Man may rack his Brain,  
 Hunt after Gear baith Night and Day wi' Pain,  
 And die at last in Debt instead of Gain.  
 But O *South-Sea* what mortal Mind can run  
 Throw a' the Miracles that thou hast done?  
 Nor scrimply thou thy sell to Bounds confines,  
 But like the Sun on ilka Party shines,  
 To Poor and Rich, the Fools as well as Wife,  
 With Hand impartial stretches out the Prize,

Like *Nilus* swelling frae his unkend Head,  
 Frae Bank to Brae oe'rflows ilk Rig and Mead,  
 Infilling lib'ral Store of genial Sap,  
 Whence Sun burn'd Gypsies reap a plenteous Crap:  
 Thus flows our Sea, but with this Diff'rence wide,  
 But anes a Year their River heaves his Tide;

Ours aft ilk Day t' enrich the Common Weall,  
Bangs o'er its Banks, and dings *Egyptian Nile*.

Ye Rich and Wise, we own Success your due,  
But your Reverse their Luck with Wonder view.  
How without Thought these dawted Petts of Fate  
Have jobb'd themselfs into sae high a State,  
By pure Instinct sae leal the Mark have hit,  
Without the Use of either Fear or Wit.  
And ithers wha last Year their Garrets kept,  
Where Duns in Vision fash'd them while they slept,  
Wha only durst in Twilight or the Dark,  
Steal to a common Cooks with haff a Mark,  
A' their hale Stock. — Now by a canny Gale.

In the o'erflowing Ocean spread their Sail,  
While they in gilded Galleys cut the Tide,  
Look down on Fisher Boats wi' meikle Pride,

Mean time the Thinkers wha are out of Play,  
For their ain Comfort kenna what to say;  
That the Foundation's loofe fain wa'd they shaw,  
And think na but the Fabrick soon will fa;

That's



That's a' but Sham,---- for inwardly they fry,  
 Vext that their Fingers were na in the Pye.  
 Fainthearted Wights, wha dully stood afar,  
 Tholling your Reason great Attempts to marr;  
 While the brave Dauntless, of sic Fetters free,  
 Jumpt headlong glorious in the Golden-Sea :  
 Where now like Gods they rule each wealthy Jaw,  
 While you may thump your Pows against the Wa.

O N Summers e'en the Welkin cawm and Fair,  
 When little Midges frisk in lazy Air,  
 Have you not seen thro' ither how they reel,  
 And Time about how up and down they wheel?  
 Thus Eddies of Stockjobbers drive about;  
 Upmost to Day, the Morn their Pipe's put out.  
 With pensive Face, when e'er the Market's by,  
*Menutius* crys, Ah! What a Gowk was I!  
 Some Friend of his, wha wisely seems to ken  
 Events of Causes mair than ither Men,  
 Push for your Interest yet, Nae Fear, he crys,  
 For *South-Sea* will to twice ten hunder rise.  
 Waes me for him that sells paternal Land,  
 And buys when Shares the highest Sums demand :

He never shall taste the Sweets of rising Stock,  
Which faws neist Day: Nae Help for't, he is broke.

DEAR Sea, be tenty how thou flows at Shams  
Of Hogland Gad'rens in their froggy Dams,  
Left in their muddy Bogs thou chance to sink,  
Where thou may'ft stagnate, syne of Course maun stink.

THIS I forsee, (and Time shall prove I'm Right;  
For he's nae Poet wants the second Sight,) 2 MO  
When Autumns Stores are ruck'd up in the Yard,  
And Sleet and Snaw dreeps down cauld Winter's Beard;  
When bleak *November* Winds make Forrefts bare,  
And with splenetick Vapours fill the Air;  
Then, then in Gardens, Parks, or silent Glen,  
When Trees bear naithing else, they'll carry Men,  
Wha shall like paughty *Romans* greatly swing  
Aboon Earth's Disappointments in a String.  
Sae ends the tousing Saul that downa see  
A Man move in a higher Sphere than he,

Happy

Happy that Man wha has thrawn up a' Main,  
 Which makes some Hundred thoufands a' his ain,  
 And comes to Anchor on fae firm a Rock,  
*Britannia's Credit and the South-Sea Stock.*  
 Ilk blythsome Pleasure waits upon his Nod,  
 And his Dependents eye him as a God.  
 Clofs may he bend *Champaign* frae E'en to Morn,  
 And look on Cells of Tippony with Scorn.  
 Thrice lucky Pimps, or smug fac'd wanton Fair,  
 That can in a' his Wealth and Pleasures skair.  
 Like *Jove* he fits, like *Jove*, high Heavens Goodman,  
 While the inferior Gods about him stand,  
 Till he permits, with condescending Grace,  
 That ilka ane in Order take their Place.  
 Thus with attentive Look mensfow they fit,  
 Till he speak first, and shaw some shining Wit;  
 Syne circling wheels the flattering Gaffaw,  
 As well they may; he gars their Beards wag a'.  
 Imperial Gowd, what is't thou canna grant?  
 Posselt of thee, what is't a Man needs want?  
 Commanding Coin, there's nathing hard to thee,  
 I canna guess how rich Fouk come to die.

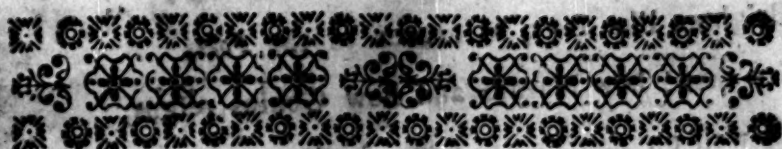
Unhappy Wretch, link'd to the threed bare Nine,  
 The darling Equipage can ne'er be thine.  
 Destin'd to toil thro' Labyrinths of Verse,  
 Dar'st speak of great Stockjobbing as a Farce:  
 Poor thoughtless Mortal, vain of airy Dreams,  
 Thy flying Horse, and bright *Appollo's* Beams,  
 And *Helicon's* werth Well thou ca'st Divine,  
 Are nathing like a Mistress, Coach and Wine.

Wad some good Patron (whose superior Skill,  
 Can make the *South-Sea* ebb and flow at will)  
 Put in a Stock for me, I own it fair,  
 In Epick Strain I'd pay him to a Hair,  
 Immortalize him, and what e'er he loves,  
 In flowing Numbers I shall sing, *approves* ;  
 If not, Fox like, I'll thraw my Gab and Gloom,  
 And ca' your Hundred thousand a *four Plum*.

A. RAMSAY.







A N  
EPISTLE  
T O

*Anthony Hammond Esq;*

With the foregoing POEM.

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By Dr. SEWELL.

---

I F, HAMMOND, I know who, and what you  
are,

You want no Praises, and no Censure fear ;  
To such a Character I safely send  
These Lays, secure of Fame, if you commend.

YET as you teach, you willingly will hear,  
And to *Trans-Twetal* Muses lend an Ear ;

In native Words, where easy Numbers roll,  
 Brighter like *Stars*, as nearer to the *Pole*,  
 See then! how Nature and how Genius reigns,  
 As well on *Scotia's* as *Arcadia's* Plains;  
 While blythsome *ALLAN* bids the *Dryads* flock  
 From Woods to Town, and sign to *South-Sea Stock*.  
 Great *South-Sea Stock*! O *ALLAN*! we must part,  
 That very Name has stole away my Heart.

YOU see, dear Sir, how soon I am betray'd,  
 And yet from hence some Inference may be made,  
 As said a puzzled Priest (but not in Rhyme)  
 And then deferr'd it to another Time.

SO will not I, and if I could pursue,  
 Or answer half my pre-proportion'd View,  
 " I'd paint a *King*, by former Monarchs press'd,  
 " A sinking People, and a Land distress'd;  
 " A Chaos Debt, that roll'd without Repose,  
 " But when he spoke, a new *Creation* rose."

THUS

THUS far I try'd, but Numbers are in vain  
To raise a HENRY's, or a GEORGE's Reign.

WHO could conceive such Tides of Wealth to roll,  
Till *Blount* refin'd the Scheme that H—— stole?  
Where none repine, where ev'ry Burden's eas'd,  
And e'en the Envious dare not seem displeas'd.

SEE there how each successful in his Gain,  
Imputes the Project to his own dear Brain;  
The publick Good within his Circle draws,  
And looks with Scorn on *Fellows* and on *Hewes*:  
None leave the Mart, retaining still their Store;  
Bid them retreat, they think they merit more.

FEW, very few, for nobler Ends design'd,  
Have on the sordid Use of Wealth refin'd,  
Court'd by Fortune, wisely they carest  
The happy Minute, to make others blest;  
Mourning to see the lavish Bounty thrown  
On *Alley-Scouts* and *Stock-Jobbers* alone;

They

They took the wayward Goddess in the Mood,  
And condescended to be richly Good.

THESE we have seen, these, HAMMOND,  
we commend,  
Who know the Value of a wanting Friend :  
In such a Harvest gen'rous Spirits reap  
Intrinsic Worth, and purchase Virtue cheap.  
Such may Knight find, who gathers but to give,  
And Pack and Goode into their Souls receive :  
Such virtuous Cambell fasten to his Breast ;  
None know the Price of Merit, but the Best.

THUS, HAMMOND, in a loose unpolish'd Strain,  
I recommend the *Scottish* Muse's Vein ;  
Unapt to flatter, and in Wealth untry'd,  
In this strange Journey I but act the Guide ;  
And, like a Guide, may make the Country known,  
And yet not boast one Acre of my own.

London  
July 1720.

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